

*George W. W. '19*

# The Gleamer



**GRADUATION NUMBER**



**FEBRUARY, NINETEEN-SEVENTEEN**

**NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL**

*George W. W. '19*

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# Program

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## CLASS OF 1917

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CLASS NIGHT

**FEBRUARY 17, 1917.**

SEGAL HALL AUDITORIUM

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Clarence Koshowsky, Chairman

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Song—Colors of N. F. S... School

Salutatory..... Isaac Shapiro

History..... Abe Radler

Music..... Glee Club

Will..... Joseph Z. Druckerman

Knocks and Boosts,

Wm. Laurie Reid

Duet..... Radler and Donchin

Prophecy,

Nathan B. Golub and

Joseph Z. Druckerman

Delivered by Benjamin Smith

Presentation of the "Hoe,"

Clarence Koshowsky

Song—Green and Gold..... School

Valedictory..... Nathan B. Golub

Music..... Glee Club

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### PROGRAM COMMITTEE

Clarence Koshowsky, Chairman.

Aaron Leiberman,

Wm. Laurie Reid,

Isaac Shapiro.

### PUBLISHING COMMITTEE

Nathan B. Golub, Editor.

Isaac Shapiro, Mgr. and Associate.

Wm. Laurie Reid, Associate.

Benjamin Smith, Associate.



OUR NEW DIRECTOR  
Prof. BERNHARD OSTROLENK

# The Gleaner

VOL. VI

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NO. 6

## Literary

RAPHAEL GLASS, Editor.

### REWARD

The month of December was not very far advanced, and yet it was unusually cold. The barometer indicated the approach of a frost. The ground which was covered with snow for months froze hard. On the morning of the 18th of the month old Jack arrived with gorgeous splendor. It seemed as if he wanted to surprise the people of M., with his natural beauty and put his skill to task. He covered the windows with various designs; some were beautiful and pleasing to the eye, others monstrously shaped, terrifying in their aspect. The smoke from the chimney rose in the air like pillars and lost themselves in the atmosphere. In the streets the frost had a difficult effect. There it displayed the essence of its existence. It attacked violently noses, ears and eyebrows. It froze the breath and formed icicles around the mustaches and beards of men. The snow was squeaking under the feet. In short it was one of the many frosts familiar in Russia. We will let old Jack go his way and turn to the object of our story.

Katia Elisseyevna was an only daughter of a high, aristocratic Russian family. Nothing was ever denied her. Yet she was not a spoiled child. She possessed qualities that are very seldom met in their circles. Her father was conscious of that fact, and his paternal heart would stir with emotion, pride and tenderness whenever she would address him. Her mother was dead for many years, but her father never married again and dedicated his life to bring up his only child. On that same day Katia entered her father's library. He rose to meet her but she beckoned him back, saying, 'Papa, allow me to ask your permission to take a walk with Masha. The weather today is invigorating and rouses one to life.'

Her father's face darkened and he stood forlorn, not knowing what to do.

Then suddenly, "Katusha, I can't grant it. It is impossible to put a foot outside today. I beg of you not to insist in the matter."

But here she approached him and

put her delicate hands around his neck and tenderly looked into his face. His heart bounced within him at so much affection but he resolved not to yield too soon.

"Father," she pleaded, "please don't deny me this time," and appealingly waited for an answer.

Although her father resolved not to grant it too soon, yet he did. It happened many times in his life, that when he was at the verge of carrying out his resolutions, he would yield at the mere request of his child.

"Dress yourself carefully," he called after her when she left the room and then threw himself in the armchair with a heavy sigh, as if he had gone through a hard task.

As soon as Katia obtained permission she donned her fur coat, and together with her friend set out briskly in the streets of M., and in spite of the biting cold, conversed with youthful interest the probability of many more such days.

Doctor Shoobin was a young physician with a growing reputation. He met Katia once, and since then her fair face haunted his dream many a night. He sought her closer acquaintance very often, but his endeavors fell flat. His sentimental disposition therefore relapsed into dormancy until more suitable conditions and chance.

On that day Doctor Shoobin was called to a patient. He put his coat on in a haste and rushed out into the street. He was walking full speed when he noticed Katia on the other side of the street. He glanced at her once and again. There was something peculiar about her face,

and involuntarily he glanced again at her to assure himself of it. Just then the full truth dawned upon him. It terrified him to think of something bad happening to her. Yet it was true and immediate action was necessary. Her nose was undergoing a physical change occasioned by the frost; the tip of it was turning to a fatty whiteness, a sign predicting the falling of the affected part. What could be done? He hesitated for a brief moment to shake off the mental stupor, and then without explaining or saying anything he crossed the street, picked up a handful of snow and slapped it into her face. Her face, and nose especially, was a covered mass. A pitiful sight. He approached her with the intention to assist her, but her eyes full of indignation flashed at him and involuntarily he drew back. Meantime a policeman appeared, and at the request of the young lady seized Doctor Shoobin and led him away to the court.

In the meantime, however, Katia was taken to a drug store and carefully washed so that her father might not know about it. No one had the slightest idea of the favor rendered by the young physician and the narrow escape Katia had.

Katia had almost forgotten about the whole affair when the next day she was summoned to court. Now matters became more complicated. Her father insisted upon knowing the cause of the unexpected call. When told the reason, he declared that he is going to take a glimpse at the rascal that raised a hand on his only child.

The judge was sitting on the

platform ready to pass judgment, and accord mercy, if absolutely essential. Nevertheless he was enraged with the doctor for his conduct, and was anxious to question the case.

We are not surprised then that as soon as Katia and her father appeared he called the accused and accuser to stand. The latter stated her charge and her face grew crimson, as she energetically stated the facts.

Throughout the whole time that the charge against Doctor Shoobin was made, he was carelessly playing with the golden chain of his watch. Even when he was insulted he was as calm, as man ever was. At last the complaint was finished and he was called upon to tell his side of the story.

With a clear and distinct voice, Doctor Shoobin explained the cause of his conduct, already known to us, and laughingly he concluded, "does Katia Eliseyevna still accuse me of disorderly conduct?"

No one spoke. In fact everybody felt ashamed. Especially so felt Katia, and was very embarrassed. Silence prevailed for a brief moment, then the judge broke the intolerable tension: "Will your ladyship please withdraw the charge?"

Her father came to her assistance, for a lump was rising in her throat and tears stood in her eyes, ready to escape their beautiful abode. "I, as father, withdraw the

charge," he exclaimed.

The judge thanked Doctor Shoobin for his kindness to humanity and his fellowmen. He also praised him for his keen observation, and extending to him his hand concluded, "some day you will be one of Russia's greatest men."

As they emerged from the court house Katia extended her white little hand to Doctor Shoobin. Her musical voice rang in his ears, and he could hardly understand when asked for pardon. He pardoned willingly, and eagerly accepted the invitation to visit their house.

Time went on rolling its ceaseless volumes, and working miracles. Winter was at the end and the severe cold had to give room for amiable spring. The trees began to bloom and their fragrance added a charming aspect to the city of M. It was then that Doctor Shoobin and Katia were seen arm in arm in the streets of M. Suddenly they halted for a moment and looked at each other with apparent fondness. A world of love mingled in their eyes for each other. It was the place where the well-remembered incident took place. The beginning of their friendship. They moved, carried along by the crowd. She pressed his arm and leaned closer up to him and murmured, "my poor Constantine, in prison for my sake."

"Never mind," he exclaimed. It was worth it.

NATHAN B. GOLUB, '17.

**A MESSAGE TO THE CLASS OF 1917**

By J. L. CAMPBELL

---

All earthly pleasures have an end,  
All light and shadows meet and blend;  
And time and changes reward send,  
    And old associates sever.  
A few brief years in school to spend,  
And then the groups and classes rend,  
And far apart our numbers wend,  
    Like tides that flow forever.

Old National Farm School,  
With proud, blue-blooded pedigree,  
Spreads wide her fruitful family tree,  
    The light her fame has won her.  
But where are now her olden classes,  
The gladsome lads who yearly passes  
    To wreath her views with honor?

And Farm School crowned her brow with boys,  
Those students of the former days.  
    Ambitious and true-hearted.  
They walked their platforms garbed with grace,  
And captured the admiring gaze,  
And won the plaudits and the praise,  
    Then vanished and departed.

And now, new graduates of today,  
You have your little part to play;  
And sometimes sad and sometimes gay,  
    A few brief years together.  
You pause a while and have your say,  
And then time's feat you obey,  
And spread your sails and drift away  
    Like toyboats on the river.

And yet you will not cease to feel  
Warm interest in each other's weal,  
And what the future will reveal  
    Of grand and sweet successes.  
Strong characters as stanch as steel,  
Old Farm School wants the true and real;  
The lofty aim, the pure ideal,  
    The right that lifts and blesses.



This class of yours, of seventeen,  
Productive of athletic teams,  
If it sends these gentlemen  
    Refined and brave for duty—  
This class thus drilled in heart and brain,  
It surely has not lived in vain,  
If now prepared to take that train  
    To higher aspirations.

Of course, these boys expect to wed  
The grandest maids that ever led  
    Along the heights of honor.  
Each boy had rather far be dead  
Than patter on a bachelor's tread,  
    No bride to cheer and solace.

To find these partners you, alas,  
Will have to go outside your class;  
    For sadly we remember  
That here upon this classic ground  
No graduating maids are found:  
And so there's none to go around  
    Of matrimonial timber.

Another year, we trust and hope,  
The other sex will try to cope,  
    And not to lag and tarry;  
And in the rear to mope and grope,  
    Unfit to marry.  
You can't afford to take for a wife  
One who is ignorant of farming life,  
    Hence hesitate to marry.

I see you marching in the van,  
Each sterling, honest, manly man,  
High up as when our sires began  
    To mold the country's story.  
Our noble heritage to plan,  
The loftier peaks of north to scan,  
    And plant these fields with glory.





## The Gleaner

JOHN B. McCOOL, Editor-in-Chief

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J. L. MILLER, Agriculture

ERNEST KATZ, Athletics

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### OUR NEW DIRECTOR

On Tuesday, December 5th, a new epoch opened for the National Farm School by the installation of Prof. Bernhard Ostrolenk as Director of the School. Mr. Ostrolenk was born in Warsaw, Russia, on May 14, 1887. He emigrated to America in 1901, and in 1902 he entered the National Farm School. While a student here he was a member of the football team, a member of the GLEANER staff and president of the literary society. He graduated in 1906 in a class of five, and took charge as herdsman at the New Jersey Training School

at Vineland, N. J., which position he held until the fall of 1907, after which he entered the Massachusetts Agricultural College, graduating in 1911 with the degree of B. Sc., also obtaining a degree from the Boston University. While at college Mr. Ostrolenk was a member of the debating team, president of the debating club, editor-in-chief of the college literary magazine and assistant instructor in German and English. After graduation Mr. Ostrolenk taught for two years in the Slayton High School at Slayton, Minnesota, and in 1913 was made director of

agriculture of the Canby State High School. While there he was instrumental in organizing the Canby Live Stock Shipping Association and the Breeders' Association, of which body he was secretary. He was an officer of the West Central Minnesota Development Association and of the Minnesota League of Community Clubs. Mr. Ostrolenk gained more than state-wide fame as a community worker because of the organization of the Canby community which he effected and which had for its basis a better understanding between the farmers and townsmen for social and commercial co-operation. He contributed considerably to leading magazines notably the Country Gentleman, The Farmer's Wife, The Banker Farmer, The Breeders' Gazette and others. He is the author of Distrust Busting in Canby, Getting Acquainted in Canby, The Farmers' Town, Come to Canby and Buy a Pig and others. During the summer of 1916 he was called to lecture on the interstate chautauqua platform, and traveled through the states of Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri speaking on the "Call of the Community," a lecture that brought its author into prominence through the middle west. Mr. Ostrolenk's work with the boys and girls of Canby through corn, tomato, bread baking and pig raising clubs has received special commendation.

We welcome you, Professor Ostrolenk, and wish you success in all your enterprises.

### OUR PAPER

The publication of this issue inaugurates a new year of the

GLEANER, whose publication was, for certain reasons, suspended some months ago. Now the opportune time has come to further promote its existence. We all feel and realize the GLEANER's necessity. Its abrupt cessation was inevitable. However, let bygones be bygones and strive to make it a success. I have full confidence that it will succeed, knowing who the men are, that are placed in charge of it. Especially does the newly adapted system that regulates the school assure its success. The student body is governed by a senate consisting of nine members, who are competent men. The said senate was introduced by our new director, who has the interest of the students and school at his heart. We look forward to a very successful GLEANER future. You only need to reach out for it and press forward.

N. B. G., '17.

### CO-OPERATION

'In unity there is strength.' What an enormous depth of truth underlies this axiom. Unity. Our North American states are called 'United States.' Workers that are united have a so-called organization—union. There is a Union Pacific railroad and many others. Why are all these bodies headed union? Because of the fact that in unity and co-operation there is strength and consequently protection. The nations that are more advanced in civilization realize it fully and use it to their advantage. Furthermore, it is fast becoming a necessity that we co-operate. The farmer has found it out quite recently, and to some extent it helped him to get a more reasonable re-

muneration for his milk. Co-operation is needed everywhere, especially in educational institutions. None of our enterprises can be a success if co-operation, harmony, is lacking. Discord, want of co-operation has led many nations into trouble. However, we must not wrongly interpret this doctrine. It will only be beneficial when applied to the furtherance of worthy causes. It is germane to say that co-operation of the kind that the worker and farmer utilize is the desired kind, because of its good for the mistreated and abused, but is not the desired kind, when capital co-operates to exploit more easily the laboring classes.

However, let us co-operate here at the school, and uphold co-operatively all school activities. Let us contribute our undivided help and attention, and success will surely be ours.

N. B. G., '17.

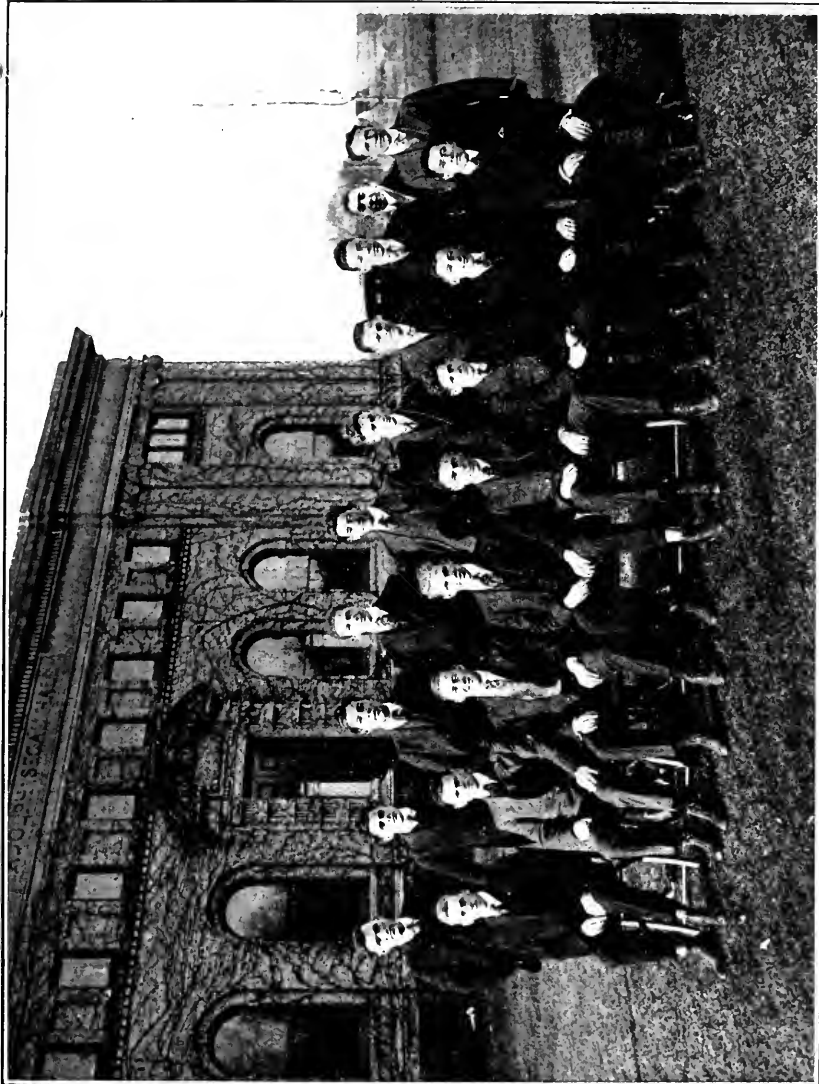
### A PARTING WORD

In a few days we are about to graduate, receive our diplomas and depart from the place where we spent three years of toil and joy. Now we are about to harvest the fruit thereof. Not only now is it that we harvest it, but it will have its bearing in years to come. Whatever stand, position or attitude we may assume in this world it will be partly the result of our stay here. Here we received the foundation and moulding for the future. As graduates of an agricultural school our chances in life are great, and therefore start out cheerfully. However, a word of advice in parting to you undergraduates is in place. You are about to shed your old coats and assume new ones. Make it your business to act as becomes the dignity of your new coats. You are upper class men and you must act it rightly and truly. We wish you success. Adieu. N. B. G., '17.

With this graduation we are about to lose our friend, C. J. Toor. He took a post-graduate course last year, and now is leaving us fully prepared to meet the world.

Through his P. G. course year he contributed his help and support as faithfully as in previous years. We wish him success and good luck.





### THE GRADUATES

From Left to Right. STANDING—M. Kasselmann, C. J. Toor, Wm. L. Reid, Jr., S. Erde, L. Goldberg, J. Z. Druckerman, I. Shapiro, B. S. Smith, A. A. Camen, N. B. Golub. SITTING—C. Jackson, S. Adler, C. R. Wagner, Jr., C. I. Koshowsky, A. Lieberman, B. Malloy, A. Radler, S. Donchin



**SALUTATORY**By ISAAC SHAPIRO

---

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: Tonight the Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen class welcomes you to its farewell exercises. When our predecessors were on this same threshold we were only listeners, but thrilled with the anticipation for such a marked event in our lives. As compensation for our hopes we enjoy tonight its realization.

On this event we are grateful to the many friends who are here to share with us the accounts of our past career, the peep into the future and the confluent feelings of joy and sorrow that are with us at this stage of our progress.

Three years have rolled by since we first entered upon the vocation of agriculture—the foundation of all industries. In that time many were the principles that impressed and gave light to the seeker. But as an underlying axiom we learned of the dependence of mankind upon the fruitfulness of the soil.

Here the farmer takes his place and utilizes the gifts that nature provides to supply us with the basis for our material existence. The farmer began his work in prehistoric times, and with the growing and advancement of civilization agriculture has played an important role. In historical records of a land that became the home of a people, and consequently marked with advancement and expansion, very little credit is given to the fact that the tiller of the soil was the one to make the settlement pos-

sible. He started in with developing the existing natural resources, planting the seeds and producing the bread for the maintenance of his fellowmen.

When our forefathers settled in this country they found that the natives were scarce for the extensive territory they occupied yet barely managed to exist. Greatly would their numbers be decreased when they fought each other for the possession of the food that was not in abundance. The Indian was often too lazy to farm, and as a result of which his race dwindled and his land taken up by the industrious settlers with the farmers producing the food that was required by the fast growing colonies.

Farming has kept pace with the advancement of civilization. Where there was an increase in the population there was a broadening of the fields of agriculture. When there was advancement in the arts and sciences of the world, farming was marked with its improvements. It has been so in every way that farming has kept its rank with the other progressive industries.

Farming has its opportunities for becoming as perfected as any other industry, and is certain of interminable life. The knowledge that we are amongst the few who toil in such a free-leading and resourceful occupation for the upkeep of humanity, leads us with an undaunted step into the work our forefathers began.

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**CLASS HISTORY**By A. RADLER

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It feels rather pleasant to have a history and a good one. Looking back over our three years' stay at the Farm School we can outline an inventory of our accomplishments, which should not only be profitable to our class but of vital interest to the coming classes.

On the 17th day of March, 1914, forty-five specimen of the homo order issued forth from all parts of this broad country of ours to seek their fortunes by a new undertaking, viz.: to become agricultural uplifters and to enlighten the already tillers of the soil. Of the many who have braved the wild and desolate regions in the unheard of county of Bucks, few have withstood the perils and great hardships which lay before them. But of the chosen few who have remained—great has been their compensation.

The first to step forth on the shores of the promised land was one, Aaron Lieberman, a native of the wild and wooly Texas. Great was his surprise and consternation, on beholding a group of ragged ruffians—who were at the station to receive him with open arms—in place of his conjured conception of gentility. It took this sad youth many weeks to acclimate himself to the environmental conditions.

Our next addition was a delicate young chap—Julius Schultze, alias "Dutchie," who brought with him his natural elements. He was magnanimous in the revelation of his glory, when the very first repast at the school consisted of sausages for the main dish—the big thick kind

that are a pride to every Dutch housewife.

Of the many more to follow as fast as the railroad called P. & R. could drop them off, bag and baggage, few were there who could be classed among the agricultural type.

Of the anarchists, reformers, prison authorities, clerks, free thinkers, socialists and adventurers from nearly every state in the union, that undertook this unknown step in the dark, for the advancement and good of his fellowmen, few—yea! verily so—have succeeded to create a sensation with Prof. Bishop.

It was not long, however, before Mr. Chas. Newsbaum, president of the senior class, called a freshman meeting to elect a temporary president. Mr. Donchin was elected. Mr. Newsbaum and Mr. Louis Helfand, a post graduate, each delivered a very inspiring talk.

On April 15, 1914, Mr. Kaufman was added to our ranks, and it was not long before we realized his capabilities for the leadership of our class. He was unanimously elected president. Under his leadership there was a manifestation of true spirit in all school enterprises and activities.

On May 5, 1914, we played our first interclass baseball game and gained our first victory.

Every one tried hard to make the varsity baseball team, and we made a grand showing, having eight members on the varsity team of that season.



When football called the school into activity, the freshman class was right there. We had good material, and five members were chosen for the varsity team. The rally that our class tendered to the school at the opening of the 1914 football season surpassed all of its kind in previous years.

The inter-class football game was played December 2, 1914, and although we fought hard, suffered our first and only defeat at the hands of the juniors.

Not only were we active in athletics, but we also did our utmost to uphold the A. A., Gleaner, Literary Society, Science Club and Glee Club.

Having survived our freshman year, under the tender care of the noble seniors and worthy juniors, we celebrated our first anniversary at Farm School by a gala banquet at Goss' Hotel, Furlong, Pa.

Although we suffered the loss of a number of classmates during our freshman year, we started our junior year forty strong, including Koshowsky, with the resolve to do even better than we had done in our freshman year.

Mr. Samuel Wolf was elected president, and under his faithful leadership the outlook for a successful year was very promising.

In the inter-class baseball game played on May 8, 1915, we defeated the poor freshies by an overwhelming score. Although the freshmen had an excellent team, they could hardly compare with ours—a team that contributed eight men to the varsity of that year.

As a junior enjoys many more

privileges than a freshman, it was not until the summer season of 1915 that we dared to enjoy the company of the fair damsels of Camp Arden. As a result of this privilege, the departure of the campers left many a broken heart in our class.

When candidates for the gridiron were called out, all attention was centered on football, and the 1917 class was out to help our classmate, Mr. Kaufman, captain of the 1915 team, to produce the best football team in the history of the school. The result was gratifying indeed, for without doubt, the 1915 football team was the best ever produced. Here I must not forget to give due credit to our worthy coach, Mr. James Work, for his devoted assistance.

When we entered our senior year we comprised the largest senior class in the history of Farm School.

Mr. Kaufman was elected president, and with a resolution to make things hum, we started on a jump.

We treated the freshmen very mildly, and gave them the proper impetus for their Farm School career. It was not long before we had the freshmen imbued with the Farm School spirit, and had their co-operation for the uplift of all the school activities.

More than half of the successful baseball team of 1916 consisted of seniors. We cannot complain, however, that the lower classes did not do better, for they did their best.

The month of July, 1916, brought the only dark cloud in our history. A misunderstanding between the

students and faculty was the cause of the departure of more than half of our class. The director and several of our professors left us, probably because of the misunderstanding. This sad incident started a new era in not only our history, but in the history of Farm School. We feel very sad indeed that our dear classmates left us at so short a time before graduation.

After that there was a great deal of reconstruction work to be done for the remaining members of the senior class. As the Class, A. A., Gleaner and Literary Society disbanded they felt it their first duty to re-unite them again. We feel gratified that with the assistance of our new leader, Mr. Clarence Koshowsky, we have accomplished

the reconstruction work before leaving our alma mater.

Among the great joys to counterbalance the misfortune of our last few months was the coming of Prof. Ostrolenk as director of the National Farm School. We feel sure that Prof. Ostrolenk will bring the Farm School to its highest degree of perfection. He has the best wishes of the 1917 class for success. The rest of the faculty will, no doubt, co-operate with Prof. Ostrolenk in the work to uplift our alma mater.

This ends the eventful history of the 1917 class. It should be the sincere endeavor of every one of us to make the history of our *lives* even better.

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## THE WILL OF THE CLASS OF 1917

By JOSEPH Z. DRUCKERMAN

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To whom it may concern! We, the undersigned, "The Class of 1917," being of sane and sound minds, and believing in all holy days, do hereby declare and state this to be our last will on this earthly paradise, Farm School.

To our beloved professor, Mr. Alman, a small token of our esteem which we hope he will cherish the following:

A forest domain extending from certain lands within and without the landscape gardens and running to a poplar tree at the intersection of the boundry line. In which are included the following:

5000 white pine trees, 1000 hard

maple trees, 3000 spruce trees, 500 ash trees, 500 elm trees.

And knowing that he will carefully and tenderly watch over these trees in this forest domain, believing him to be a man with a respectful demeanor, hope that our trust will not be misplaced.

To Miss Lydia P. Borden, our beloved and masterful teacher of zoology and fungi, we bequeath the following, in order to show our appreciation of her teaching and her yearning towards us:

An Edison phonograph, 30 records of the Life of a Clam (Chowder, 100 needles.

The collection of records to be

used to aid her in teaching fungi and molds. They are a monograph from the birth to the end of a clam chowder.

To Mr. Harnish, our well-known poultry professor, a bag of "Lay or Go Bust Feed," composed of the following ration: 500 lbs. of dynamite, 300 lbs. of gun cotton, 200 lbs. of calcium carbide. To be fed daily to the lone gander in the upper yard until he lays.

We request that our executors, who are the following: Mr. W. X. Greenberg, of Butte, Mont.; Mr. L. S. Menas, of Philadelphia; Mr. A. Y. Sherman, of Philadelphia, shall endeavor to do all that lies in their power to do justice to the following beneficiaries:

Mr. Harmon Kraft, a new roof on his dwelling house and, until same is completed, a pair of rubber boots to wade thru said domicile. Also a can of pork and beans.

To Mr. Howard Young who, during all his stay at this institution, has taught most of us efficient and practical farming, as a sign of our gratitude to him, the first pin ever worn by a loyal and true Mason—"a safety pin."

All other personal property, consisting of the following earthly remains, we relinquish to our truest and most liberal-minded teacher, Mr. Bishop, whose progressive, wide views all of us have cherished forever and aye:

Socialism, by Morris Hilquitt; one-half of a year's subscription to The Appeal to Reason; one-half of a year's subscription of The Christian Science Monitor.

For our worthy and benevolent

matrons, who were here during our stay at this celestial realm, we wish to leave our humble and sincere regrets at the lack of appreciation for their food and medicine. First, their forbearance and patience at times when we were ill. Secondly, their humane, kind, generous feeling toward us at very short intervals. Too much can not be said in praise of their rather delicious food.

To one "veterinary scientist," Doc Murphy, we bequeath the following: Doc Munyon's Pain Cure, Christian Science as a Healer, What Can't Be Cured Must Be Endured.

To the class of 1918 we bestow a heritage of Justice. We being of just and truthful habits, request the said class shall obey all rules and regulations in their cubicles, including Mr. Allman's Rules in the Greenhouse. They are the essence of Justice. But, in order to restore tranquillity and peace of mind to some members of this class, we request that when in doubt about any rule to turn to the Bible for further particulars.

To the class of 1919, we give our hearty and fervent prayers that they may become "colony leaders," prominent scientific agriculturists and farm hands.

Codicil I. We also request our honorable executors to care for the following minors:

Mr. Lieb, that he may become a useful member of society, be permitted to sojourn at this habitat and be put under the fatherly care of Mr. Bishop.

Mr. Fishman, whose voice and

# KNOCKS AND BOOSTS

Wm. Laurie Reid, 2d

NAME	DESTINY	AMBITION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	NICKNAME	FAVORITE SPORT	BEST FRIEND
ADLER.....	To be 20 min. late.	To be on time.	That makes me—	Shlacency.	Texas' only rival.	The cook.
CAMEN.....	Chicken fancier.	Selling Radler 25c socks for \$1.25.	Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!	Chicken.	Falling in love.	The tennis court.
DONCHIN.....	Somebody's husband.	Bachelor.	Huh?	Sol.	Sojourning in a hospital.	Miss Abrams.
DRUCKERMAN.....	Chef.	Satirist.	Yes, yes, go on.	Yussel.	Radler's rival.	Mr. Craft.
ERDE.....	Evangelist.	Superlative argumentator.	Wa-wa-wait a minute.	Sam.	Working at Young's.	Mr. Bishop.
GOLDBERG.....	Hermit.	Room bum.	Oh, well!	Lon.	Eating at Young's.	Dinner bell.
GOLUB.....	Book vender on Canal St.	Editor of—oh, anything.	Nu, nu vus Vilstu?	Nifty Nate.	Why I want to be a farmer.	Shakespeare.
JACKSON.....	Drunkard.	Minister.	Nix!	Deacon.	Churching.	Dotty.
KASSELMAN.....	Mailman.	Greenhouser.	You don't know nothing.	Max.	Correcting.	The bed.
KOSHOWSKY.....	Street vender.	Vocal entertainer.	You can see it yourself.	Si.	*—!!--? in anybody's room.	A bottle of hair tonic.
LIEBERMAN.....	Farm hand.	Lillian.	When I was working at Lasalleers.	Texas.	Pulling pop's leg.	Toor.
MALLOY.....	—?ologist.	Famous footballer.	**!!--*.	Irish.	Collecting specimens.	The city.
RADLER.....	Tramp.	Business man.	Nu! Lumirgain!	Louse.	Head waitering.	Ducats.
REID.....	Hecker.	Plutocrat.	Tarra Tsing.	Bill.	Laughing out loud.	An ample cap.
SHAPIRO.....	Sing Sing.	To teach by example.	Well! You know!	Shappy.	Bumming.	Modern milkmaid
SMITH.....	Prize fighter.	To be tall and slender.	Waiter! I want some gravy.	Ben.	Fasting.	Freight car.
WAGNER.....	Jockey.	Admiral.	Aw! Gowan!	Cholly.	Breaking collar bones.	Cosmetics.

manners are such as to act like a magnet toward the fair sex, he allowed permission to have a bevy of beautiful damsels while at work.

In witness whereof, we, the undersigned, do hereby swear and declare this to be our last will and testament.

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## PROPHECY

BY GOLUB and DRUCKERMAN\*

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The year 1925 found me in wretched condition, and I was reduced to wend my way for a meal in a cheap restaurant. The food served to me was rather delicious. An aroma of peculiar and far-reaching, sweet-scented odor diffused itself. It was a great temptation to me, and I devoured it ravenously. And, lo and behold! I fell into a swoon, and I conceived a vision.

A crowd of people were surging and moving and an angry hum arose from their midst. There stood a man whose lengthy and windy sermon seemed to cause the disturbance. I was stupefied to behold my staunch classmate, Benjamin Smith, arguing for Mr. Nathan Golub, the people's choice, who would give careful consideration to their demands, running on the workmen's party, "The Social Bomb Throwing League." I wanted to get up and speak for him, too, but just then the speaker descended, and a partisan introduced Mr. Golub, the candidate for Congress. The speaker, after many haws and hems, bowed to the crowd and began the onslaught.

"Our party will fight to obtain free rides for downtrodden millionaires, beer for all true Prohibi-

tionists and jobs for all that were never out of work." This was vigorously applauded. Then Mr. Smith, with a beaming countenance, capitalized at \$50,000, spoke.

"My fellow-sufferers, friends and voters: It is not for my benefit, but for your own, that I ask you to vote for the candidate." But he was suddenly interrupted by a seedy-looking fellow who seemed to be on the outs.

"I ain't going to have a bomber elected." It was Deacon Jacson, a true friend of mine, who defied rum, and the result now appeared. From a pious young man to this type was not what I expected.

A mist settled around this scene and gradually a panorama of a beautiful country unfolded, in which the following blotch on the landscape appeared: A long-legged, lean, hungry-looking individual slowly bent his way towards a barn, with a revolver in one hand and a milk pail in the other. He seemed to be saying, "By heck, if I don't get you by gentle argumentation, this will, bossie," and gently patting his revolver. It was poor hecker, Lou Goldberg. A sporty, well-dressed man approached him, exclaiming: "How are you? How is the weather? By the way, I

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\* Delivered by Benjamin Smith.

have the first genuine jeans protector on the market. It saves elbow grease." Here he produced a card which read, "Clarence J. Koshowsky."

The scene has shifted again. I was now in a factory of artificial limbs. Busily engaged over a machine, pulling a leg to and fro and carefully refraining from getting a splinter in his hands, was Solomon Adler. Near him, besmeared and greasy, stood a man turning on a lathe slippery eel skins. He was an expert in handling slick and slippery stuff. You could see it by the way he handled those skins; oh, yes! It was Arthur Camen.

This scene suddenly changed, and in its place was revealed an office of uncomfortably large size, where beside numerous desks many women were engaged in typewriting. On one of the sheets I read the following:

"Sol Donchi, Matrimonial Engineer and Love Chemist. We guarantee results."

Near it lay an open letter, and I read it:

"I am a poor, lonely bachelor; have a farm of 60 acres. I want a wife to help me weed onions, pitch hay and shred fodder. If you get me one to meet the requirements, I will pay liberally.

"Yours sincerely,

"Joseph Z. Druckerman."

Another open feminine handwritten letter I was tempted to read:

"Dear Love Chemist:

"I am deeply chagrined at my lovely wife. She refuses to listen

or hear me talk. She claims it sounds too much like a buzzing saw. Yours truly,

"Samuel Erde."

My senses here were a little shaken, and thus I went on. A greenhouse slowly took shape, and on it a large sign with golden letters bore this inscription: "Mordecai Kasselman, expert trimmer. We trim you painlessly. All funeral designs guaranteed to accompany deceased on the other side free of charge." Near this magnificent house stood a ramshackle, shabby-looking building, with a little plate on the door and this inscription: "Confounded and Confusion Bulb House. Our bulbs never blight, rot nor grow. Buy once and you never forget us. Abe Radler." In a newspaper that I picked up there I came across a heading: "Budding scientist discovers how to make fleas multiply profusely without much trouble. Professor Malloy, after many years of study, has found one of the remarkable discoveries of the age." It then gave his life history, wife and children, etc. Another advertisement read:

"Trust Shapiro! Money loaned on very easy terms, 10%. Separate entrance for ladies. Our pawnbroker's tickets are incognito."

Near it was another ad:

"William Laurie Reid, teacher domestic science. We teach young men and women to subsist on delicatessen and ready-made foods. Newly weds given special treatment. Full course, two weeks."

But the measure of my surprise was not full yet, and I beheld an-

other epistle looking me square in the face:

"Prof. Charles R. Wagner, Jr., boxing and jui jitsu and all physical culture methods taught. My methods bring either success or ruin. Try them!"

The light grew dimmer and I beheld a small house, snug and cozy, in which dwelt a tall, lanky man and his wife. The rooms were filled from bottom to top with cradles and nursery paraphernalia, but none had a child in it. I was wondering why this nursery stuff, when suddenly I heard the housewife say: "Aaron Lieberman, I do declare! It is time you stopped playing with your cradles. Go to

bed!" Upon inspection of the grand display of nursery stock, I stumbled upon a magazine which contained an article of "The science of giving away money." The author's name seemed familiar and I glanced at it. Millionaire and philanthropist, C. J. Toor. He made his money by shaving toothpicks and using them over again.

The curtain was lowered and everything was a blank for a while, then I recovered, yielding to the care of my worried classmates. What was it? Oh, yes; that darn tree I bumped into.

Courage, my friends. Here is luck and success to you!

## PRESENTATION OF THE HOE

By CLARENCE KOSHOWSKY

Eighteen years ago this hoe was chosen as the emblem of this institution, and has been revered by the students as it passed from one class to the next. It has been sharpened and repainted since its adoption, partly to preserve and partly to intensify the meaning already conveyed. Green in our songs signifies the springtime, while gold the harvest and the sunshine. It goes on to say that in the blend the meaning is foretold. Hurrah for the Green and the Gold! You all know the song, and you all will or

have used the hoe. But the measure of your prosperity will be judged by your diligence with this small tool, perhaps not in its direct use, but in directing the equivalent energy to useful ends. Therefore, to you, Mr. Levitch as president of the senior class that begins its regime tonight with the presentation of this hoe, I leave this as it was left to me and the guidance of the students during the ensuing years, with this admonition, use it diligently, and success will be yours.

## VALEDICTORY

By NATHAN B. GOLUB

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In appearing before you tonight as the valedictorian, I have two thoughts to expound. Trivial as they may seem to you, yet they are very vital and decisive to us. It is a revelation of how we were impressed in the three years of our stay at the school and what our prospects and aspirations are today.

In looking back at our school term here, we can't help but smile at our own insignificance when we first entered. But we have learned a good deal. We have started at the very bottom of the ladder and have striven to attain to the point where we are tonight. But we have waded in deep water, aye, so deep that at times it seemed to swallow us, and a good portion of our best have succumbed to it. We regret and feel afflicted at this hour of their absence. Is their absence due to the natural law, the survival of the fittest? We cannot tell. But it is true that our trials were great, but equally great is our compensation. So you can readily see that we are hardened on the anvil of adversity and experience, and that enables us to look more or less fearlessly upon our prospects. Aspiration is a matter of individuality. Our prospects now are that in whatever we may engage it will require every ounce of our zeal. It will require, aye, demand that we pay in terms of interest for whatever paltry pay we may get. But what with that! There are voices in every one of us calling

for the struggle to achieve that will put us on our mettle. The voice of our Alma Mater, which is dear to us, will always be a guiding light in the dark. Your school's success depends on you, looks up to you and is proud of you. Another powerful voice is that of the nation calling to the tiller of the soil, "for-sake us not and give us bread." And what with the call of our own people and those that made it possible for us to engage in agriculture? Ah, sacred must be the response to that particular call to those that have offered the best of their mental and circumstantial possessions. But the strongest and most powerful voice is that of the struggle for existence and a place to rest your head. Base as man may be, that voice he cannot deny and must creep along as if urged on automatically. So you see our prospects are cheerful after all. Aspirations, that, as I said before, is dependent upon the individual. But we all aspire in various directions and surely hope to reach a height above the average.

Now, for the want of time, I must stop and turn to more specific topics. First, the class avails itself, through me, of the opportunity to thank Dr. Krauskopf and the board of managers for their interest and kind support shown to us. We feel it is beyond our power to show the appreciation of Dr. Krauskopf's efforts. Sincere gratitude and wishes that the school keep on progressing are the only proofs of



our appreciation.

To the faculty of our school and matrons, we owe thanks in large measure. You have been unto us like a father to his children. Aye, more than that. You have done more than bringing us into physical existence, but have taught us at the most critical point of our career. What else but gratitude can we

feel?

To you, undergraduates, we resign our places and wish you success. We have enjoyed your companionship and treated you like brothers. May you do so to the coming classes and that will bring you a step nearer to higher morality. Adieu.

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## THE GRADUATES

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ADLER, SOLOMON - (Bronx, N. Y.). The modest youth. Was a member of the Agric. Club in the first year, assistant candy manager in the second year and general manager of the A. A. in his senior year.

CAMEN, ARTHUR A. (Baltimore, Md.). Our heavyweight from the Monumental City is the personification of grace. Was tennis manager, assistant candy manager in his Junior year, member of the Science and Agric. Clubs, secretary of class in third year and made class baseball and football team in first two years.

DONCHIN SOLOMON (Newark, N. J.). Though small in stature, he is able to hold his place. Was president pro tem. in Freshman year, president of the Agric. Club, secretary of class and member of Science Club in the second year, general manager of the A. A. and member of Literary Society.

DRUCKERMAN, JOSEPH Z. (New

York, N. Y.). Statistician, humorist and satirist. He has combined these qualities to produce the Class Will. was a member of the Literary Society, A. A. and Gleaner Association.

ERDE, SAMUEL (New York, N. Y.). An advocate of peace at any price. Was a loyal member of the Agric. Club, A. A., Gleaner Association and member of the Literary Society.

GOLDBERG, LOUIS (Philadelphia). Has the "ear marks" of an agriculturist. Made class baseball and football teams in first two years, secretary of the class in Freshman year, the Varsity football team in second and third year, president of A. A., senator and coach for Freshmen of 1919 class.

GOLUB, NATHAN B. (Brooklyn, N. Y.). Our literary genius, who studied farming. In beginning his Freshmen career he joined the Literary Society and later became its president. Was literae editor of the

Gleaner and editor-in-chief in the third year, chairman of the publishing committee, Valedictorian and active member of the Science Club.

JACKSON, CHARLES (Philadelphia). Even clergymen study agriculture. He proved himself a devoted and loyal supporter of the Gleaner, A. A., Agric. Club, and was cheer-leader for the student body.

KASSELMAN, MAX (Philadelphia). An industrious and ambitious young fellow. Member of the Literary Society, Science Club, Glee Club, A. A. and Gleaner Association. Also made class football team in Junior year and Varsity in Senior year.

KOSHOWSKY, CLARENCE (Philadelphia). Tall, straight, handsome and sweet-tempered. His athletic abilities were shown in baseball and football for Varsity and class all thruout his career. He was manager of the Varsity and class football teams. President of the Senior class, senator, author of presentation of the hoe, member of Glee Club and Literary Society.

LIEBERMAN, AARON (Houston, Texas). The lanky fellow who strove and gained honor on the gridiron. He played on the class football team in his second year, was center for the Varsity in his third, vice president of the class, chairman of the auditing com. A. A., and member of Literary Society.

MALLOY, BENJAMIN (Philadelphia). Plucky little fellow, full of nerve. In his Freshman and Junior years he was on the class football

teams, played on the Varsity football team in second and third years, was cheer leader, coach for the Junior team and a member of the Science and Literary clubs.

RADLER, ABE (Newark, N. J.). The business man that knows how. Was a member of the Literary Society and assistant candy manager in the first year, candy manager, member of Science and Glee clubs in his second year, was a member of the track team, general manager of A. A., Varsity football player, literae editor of Gleaner in the third year and author of class history.

REID, WILLIAM LAURIE (Philadelphia). The Quaker with a broad smile. Active member of the Agric., Science, Literary and Glee clubs, vice president of A. A. in his Senior year, chairman of class auditing committee, Senator, associate editor of publishing committee and author of Knocks and Boosts.

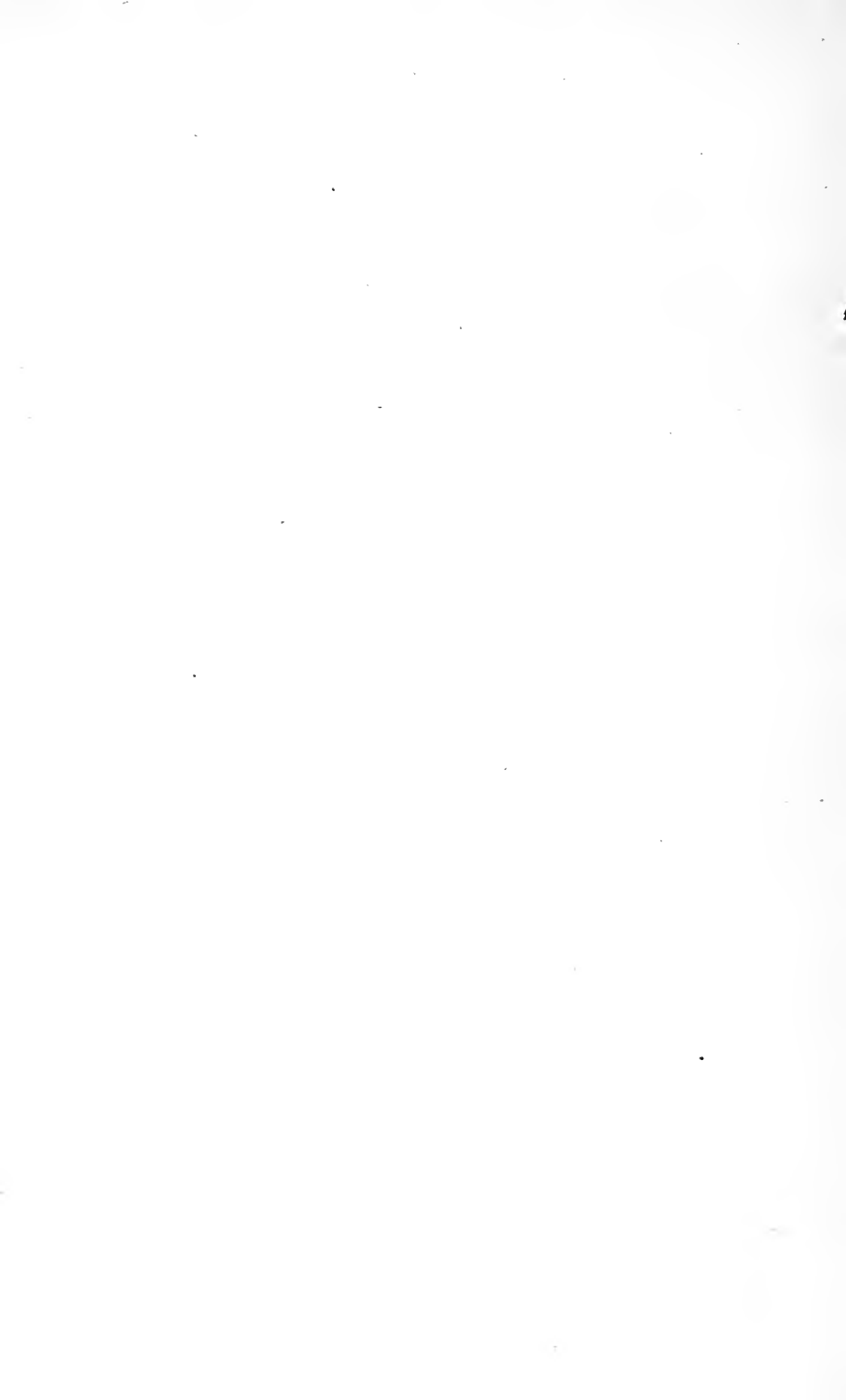
SHAPIRO, ISAAC (Baltimore, Md.). System! my boy; that's him. Altho he entered our ranks a little late, yet he made it up in his activity thruout his whole Farm School career. Was chairman of various committees, member of Agric. Club, Science Club, of which he was president; member of Literary Society, vice president of class in the Junior year, business manager of The Gleaner, associate and business manager of the publishing committee and author of the salutatory.

SMITH, BENJAMIN (Brooklyn, N. Y.). A firm advocate of strict dietary laws. Was class historian in his first year, member of The



# THE OUTGOING STAFF

STANDING. From Left to Right.—A. Camen, I. Shapiro, (Business Manager) M. Schloss, J. Kunis, C. R. Wagner.  
 SITTING From Left to Right —A. Radler, N. B. Golub, (Editor-in-Chief) J. Levitch, B. Smith, J. C. Campbell, (Faculty Advisor.)



Gleaner staff for two years, played class football in first and second years, Varsity football in second and third, member of the Literary Society, associate of the publishing committee and Senator.

WAGNER, CHARLES (South Ozone Park, L. I.). He had a strict diet of athletics, but football for the main dish. Was vice pres.

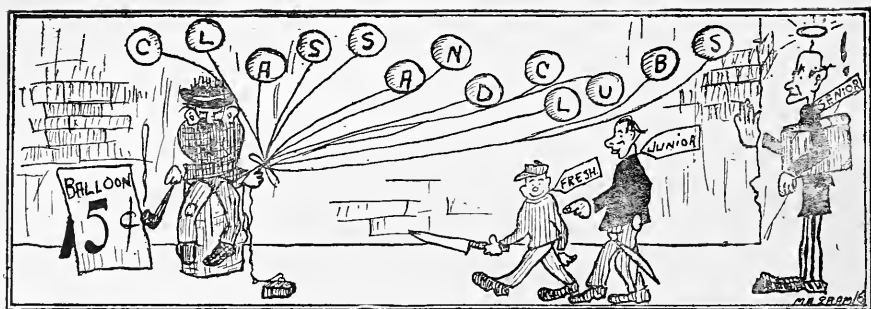
of class, captain of class football team, Varsity football, baseball and track in his first year, captain track team, Varsity baseball and football, Science Club in his second year, athletic editor, captain and quarterback Varsity football, captain Varsity track, pitcher for Varsity baseball and member of Literary Society in his last year.

## EXTRACT FROM DR. KRAUSKOPF'S ADDRESS AT THE NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL

"I have seen you reel and stumble,  
I have seen you fall and die;  
I have heard your sobs and anguish,  
I have heard your groans of pain,  
And I raise my voice to warn you,  
I reach you my arms again.

"Are you broken in heart and body?  
Are you shrunken in mind and soul?  
Hasten back to me, your mother,  
And my touch will make you whole.  
Are you shaken in faith, discouraged?  
Are you buffeted, bruised and sore?  
Creep out to me from the gutters,  
And I'll make you men once more.

"Come out to me from the trenches,  
From the dark where you cringe and grope.  
Let your thews grow hard with labor,  
While your hearts grow great with hope.  
You shall stand with your heads in the sunshine,  
You shall stand with your feet on the sod,  
And your faith in me shall lead you  
To a surer faith in God."



MORDECAI ROSENBERG, Editor.

### CLASS OF 1918

With the departure of the graduating class, our hopes of being in a paramount state shall be realized. We possess strong school spirit that will help us to achieve all our enterprises. With the advent of our Senior year, many promises are being made to study diligently and faithfully. Levitch will champion the 1918 spirit. He has been elected president of our class for the Senior year. McCool has been elected vice president, and Kunis secretary and treasurer. Our class officers have our best wishes and loyal support. I K., '18.

### CLASS OF 1919

We have elected the following officers for our Junior year:

President—Otto August Goldstein.

Vice President—Jay Mannes.

Secretary—Philip Landman.

Treasurer—Bernard Goldsmidt.

We suffered a defeat in the Freshmen-Junior game by a score of 13-0. Our team fought hard and kept the Juniors from scoring. We owe our success to our coach, Mr. L. Goldberg, and extend our thanks for his freely rendered service and advice.

We will end our Freshman year by a banquet, for which we are

preparing, hoping to make a success of it. M. S., '19.

### LITERARY SOCIETY

The reorganization of the Literary Society marks a new epoch in the school's literary activities. The keen interest shown by the faculty and students towards it assures success. The spirit for reorganization was aroused in the students by well-delivered addresses from our director, Mr. Campbell, and club officers. At the reorganization meeting, which was held by ex-President Golub, the following officers were elected:

President—Harry Schuffman.

Vice President—Raphael Glass.

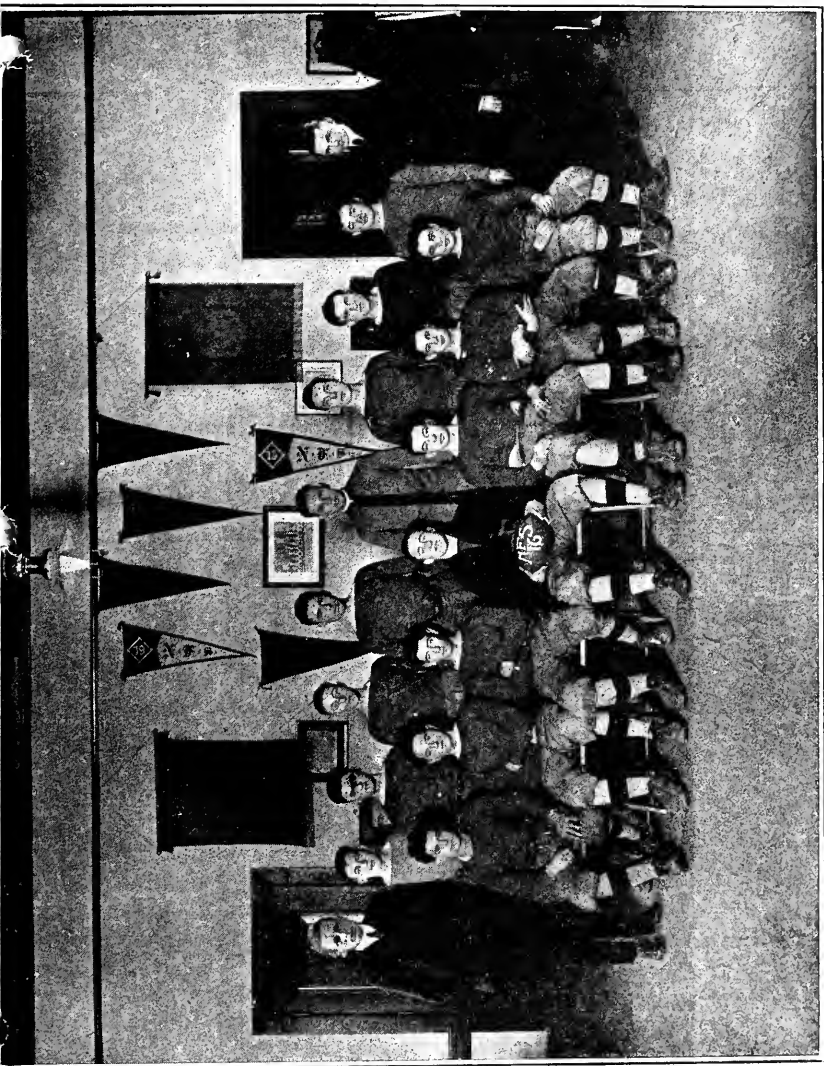
Secretary—Jay Mannes.

J. F. MANNES, '19.

### GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club is this season handicapped by the lack of good voices, as well as instrumental talent. In spite of this fact, however, those students attending are making a mighty good beginning. I believe it is only a matter of several months before we will have a first-rate club. Then, and not until then, can we give a series of concerts to the school and neighboring communities.

D. N. ALMAN,  
Director of Glee Club.

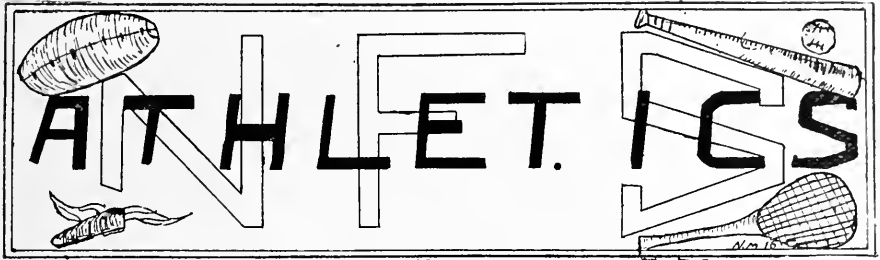


# THE NINETEEN-SIXTEEN TEAM.

STANDING. From left to right. - Coach James Work, A. Radler, D. Rovin, J. Levitch, A. Lieberman, J. C. Koshowsky, (Manager), J. McCoole, M. Kasselman, A. Oerloff, J. C. Campbell. SITTING. From left to right. - C. Toor, H. Fishman, L. Goldberg, C. Wagner, (Captain,) B. S. Smith, Ben (Pat) Malloy, M. Mayer.







ERNEST KATZ, Editor.

## 1916 FOOTBALL REVIEW

By LOUIS GOLDBERG, '17

Farm School's greatest sport, football, closed a successful season with four victories, one tie and two defeats.

The season started with only three veterans, the rest of the team being composed of green men. We were also handicapped in not having a coach until the third game.

We have much to be thankful for to our coach, Mr. Work, for his untiring efforts in shaping together a combination which proved such a success.

Farm School, 0.

University of Pennsylvania, 54.

On September 16th the team travelled to George-School, where we were defeated in a practice game with the husky U. of P. eleven. All marvelled at our pluck in lining up against Bob Folwell's well-coached team, which outweighed us forty pounds to a man.

The practice was staged on a seventy-five yard field which accounts in some measure for the large score. On the first kick-off Rovinsky, our promising tackle, sustained a broken leg. Before the game ended they all admitted we put up a scrappy game in face of such odds. Szold played well for Farm School, often breaking through and tackling a Penn man behind the line. Lineup:-

Farm School	Penn
Levich . . . . . L. E. . . . .	Miller
Rovinsky . . . . . L. T. . . . .	Mathews
Szold . . . . . L. G. . . . .	Wirkman
Lieberman . . . . . C. . . . .	L. Wray
Meyer . . . . . R. G. . . . .	Thomas
Greenberg . . . . . R. T. . . . .	Little
Malloy . . . . . R. E. . . . .	Urquhart
Wagner . . . . . Q. B. . . . .	Bell
Koshowsky . . . . . L. H. . . . .	Loucks
Goldberg . . . . . R. H. . . . .	Ross
McCool . . . . . F. B. . . . .	Eble

Time of quarters—7 minutes.

Referee—Lon Jourdet. Umpire  
—By Dickson.

Farm School, 0.  
Bethlehem Prep. School, 34.

On October 14th Farm School's green team suffered a defeat at the hands of the strong Bethlehem eleven. Line-up:

Farm School	Bethlehem Prep.
Toor . . . . . L. E. . . . .	Martin
Szold . . . . . L. T. . . . .	Stein
Fishman . . . . . L. G. . . . .	De Spare
Lieberman . . . . . C. . . . .	Stanier
Meyer . . . . . R. G. . . . .	Henry
Greenberg. . . . . R. T. . . . .	Kester
Malloy . . . . . R. E. . . . .	Melick
Wagner, capt. . . . . Q. B. . . . .	Smith, capt.
Koshowsky . . . . . L. H. . . . .	Loose
Goldberg . . . . . R. H. . . . .	Clark
McCool . . . . . F. B. . . . .	Snell

Time of quarters, 15 minutes.

Subs—F. S., Levich; Prep., Yuditsky.

Farm School, 81.  
Hobart Athletic Club, 0.

On October 29th our team responded to the able coaching of Mr. Work and trounced the Hobart A. C., of W. Phila., by score of 81-0. A steady drizzle during game saved them from a worse defeat. Despite the uncertain footing our men gained at will. Wagner, Si and Goldberg played well for our team.

Referee, Work. Umpire, Campbell.

Subs, F. S., Kesselmen, Levich, Orloff and Halpern.

Touchdowns, Wagner, 6; Goldberg, 3; Koshowsky, 3; McCool.

Goals from touchdown, Koshowsky, 3.

Farm School, 0.  
Lafayette Freshmen, 0.

On November 4th Farm School had a hard battle with the fast Lafayette freshmen staged on our grounds, which resulted in a scoreless tie.

Both teams see-sawed up and down the field throughout the game. Two fumbles at a critical period of the game kept us from scoring. Line-up:

Farm School	Lafayette
Toor . . . . . L. E. . . . .	Gamble
Fishman . . . . . L. T. . . . .	Brown
Greenberg . . . . . L. G. . . . .	Heydue
Lieberman . . . . . C. . . . .	Davenport
Meyer . . . . . R. G. . . . .	Loux
Szold . . . . . R. T. . . . .	Nealis
Malloy . . . . . R. E. . . . .	Freestone
Levich . . . . . Q. B. . . . .	Smith

(Wagner)  
Koshowsky . . . . . L. H. . . . . Crossly  
Goldberg . . . . . R. H. . . . . Major  
McCool . . . . . F. B. . . . . Wells

Referee—Campbell. Umpire—Romsey.

Time of periods—12-15 minutes.

Farm School, 1.  
Ursinus College (Res.), 0.

On November 11th the Ursinus College Reserves failed to show up, thereby forfeiting game to Farm School.

Farm School, 28.  
Allentown H. S., 6.

Our team continued its winning streak on November 18th, when it defeated the strong Allentown H. S. team on Muhlenburg College field before a large and enthusiastic crowd.

Farm School got the jump on their opponents in the first quarter

and scored 14 points. The work of Captain Wagner was phenomenal. Twice after receiving punts he ran through the entire Allentown team for touchdowns.

In the fourth quarter Goldberg scored by breaking through and blocking a punt, recovering the ball for a touchdown. Goldberg also scored 4 goals after touchdown out of four chances. Smith at full played a great line-plunging game. Line-up:

Farm School	Allentown
Toor . . . . . L. E. . . . .	Sewell
Fishman . . . . . L. T. . . . .	Weber
Greenberg . . . . . L. G. . . . .	Snyder
Lieberman . . . . . C. . . . .	Snyder
Szold . . . . . R. G. . . . .	Carlisle
McCool . . . . . R. T. . . . .	Ross
Malloy . . . . . R. E. . . . .	Mick
Wagner . . . . . Q. B. . . . .	Soodi
Koshowsky . . . . . L. H. . . . .	Feldman
Goldberg . . . . . R. H. . . . .	J. Snyder
Smith . . . . . F. B. . . . .	Runmel

Referee—Gaston, Muhlenberg.

Umpire—Campbell, Charlotte Hall.

Subs—F. S., Orloff, Halpern and Levich.

Touchdowns—Wagner, 3; Goldberg, 1; Feldman, 1.

Time of periods—10, 12 minutes.

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Farm School, 19.

P. I. D., 6.

On Thanksgiving day "Jimmy's" boys defeated the strong P. I. D. team in their annual tussle at Mt. Airy.

Both teams fought hard before a large crowd. In the first period P. I. D.'s speedy quarterback dodged our team for a touchdown. Half ended P. I. D., 6; Farm

School, 0.

Between halves we received a verbal thrashing from Jimmy, and we faithfully promised to do better before the game ended. We lived up to our promise as the score indicates. Wagner was the star of the game, while Ginley and Marcouski played well for P. I. D. Line-up:

Farm School	P. I. D.
Toor . . . . . L. E. . . . .	W. Smith
Fishman . . . . . L. T. . . . .	Weiss
Szold . . . . . L. G. . . . .	Cherrington
Lieberman . . . . . C. . . . .	Berkheimer
Greenberg . . . . . R. G. . . . .	Flenner
McCool . . . . . R. T. . . . .	Stauffer
Malloy . . . . . R. E. . . . .	Krieger
Wagner, capt. . . . . Q. B. . . . .	Ginley
Koshowsky . . . . . L. H. . . . .	Duby, capt.
Goldberg . . . . . R. H. . . . .	D. Smith
Smith . . . . . F. B. . . . .	Marcouski

Referee—Stocking. Umpire—Smith.

Touchdowns—Wagner, 3; Ginley. Goal from touchdown, Goldberg.

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Farm School, 6.

U. of P. Engineers, 14.

Farm School closed its season on December 2d with a defeat at the hands of the U. of P. Engineers. Three games during one week proved too trying to our men, who were certainly not in playing condition. Had our men been in the same shape as when they lined up against P. I. D., the outcome would unquestionably have been different.

Referee—Work. Umpire—Neis, U. of P.

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FRESHMAN-JUNIOR  
FOOTBALL GAME, 13-0

On December 10th the Junior

squad defeated the Freshmen in the most hotly contested inter-class game witnessed on our grounds for years, by the score of 13-0. The Freshmen deserve considerable credit for their show of fight and spirit in the face of a more experienced team. Those that played well for the Freshmen were Katz, Orloff and Landman; while Levich, Szold and McCool starred for the Junior team. Line-up:

Juniors	Freshmen
Goldstein.....	L. E. .... Leib
Fishman.....	L. T. .... Miller
Halpern.....	L. G. .... Landman
Kunis.....	C. .... Segal
Aidman.....	R. G. .... Marquis
Meyer.....	R. T. .... Horwitz
Boyes.....	R. E. .... Katz
Levich.....	O. B. .... Greenberg
Szold.....	L. H. .... Schwartz
Shuffman....	R. H. .... Jaffe
McCool.....	F. B. .... Orloff

Referee—Work. Umpire — Koshowsky. Touchdowns — Levich, Szold. Goal from touchdown—Boyes, 1. Subs: Juniors—Sherman. Freshmen — Mintz, Goldfarb, Greenfield, Moore. Time of quarters—15 minutes.

#### PERSONAE OF LETTER MEN

Capt. Wagner, '17—Weight, 170; height, 5.09½; age, 20; home town, Long Island.

Koshowsky, Mgr., '17—Weight, 171; height 6; age, 20; home town, Phila., Pa.

Smith, '17—Weight, 172; height, 5.09; age, 20; home town, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Goldberg, '17 — Weight, 165;

height, 5.10; age, 19; home town, Phila., Pa.

Mallory, '17 — Weight, 134; height, 5.07; age, 19; home town, Phila., Pa.

Toor, '17—Weight, 138; height, 5.06; age, 21; home town, Phila., Pa.

Lieberman, '17 — Weight, 172; height, 6; age, 18; home town, Houston, Tex.

Fishman, '18—Weight, 142; height, 5.07½; age, 19; home town, Phila., Pa.

Szold, Capt.-Elect '18—Weight, 165; height, 5.10; home town, Peoria, Ill.

Kesselman, '17—Weight, 145; height, 5.07; age, 21; home town, Phila., Pa.

Radler, '17—Weight, 140; height, 5.07; age, 19; home town, Newark, N. J.

Meyer, '18—Weight, 134; height, 5.06; age, 20; home town, Easton, Pa.

McCool, '18 — Weight, 160; height, 5.09; age, 19; home town, Phila., Pa.

Levich, '18 — Weight, 139; height, 5.08; age, 18; home town, Phila., Pa.

Orloff, '19—Weight, 160; height, 5.05; age, 17; home town, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Rovinsky, '18—Weight, 148; height, 5.08; age, 19; home town, Phila., Pa.

Average weight, 153⅔; height, 5.07; age, 19½.

## THE NINETEEN-SIXTEEN TEAM

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The Football Team of nineteen sixteen was undoubtedly on a par with the best teams that Farm School has ever produced, in spite of the many difficulties with which the team had to contend.

Considering the fact that we lost half of our veterans, and also the difficult schedule attempted, we have reason to be proud of the record that the team has made.

The team as a whole was well balanced, although our line was a matter of concern throughout the season. This was counterbalanced, however, by our excellent veteran backfield. The secret of the season's success was due to the spirit and excellent harmony which prevailed between the players and their captain.

CAPTAIN WAGNER played quarterback. He contributed a large part of the tallies. Being the fastest man on the team, heavy, nervy, full of pluck, and with that "never die" spirit, he had all that goes to make a spectacular player, and one pleasant to look upon, when in action. His undaunted spirit and perfect sense of honor and justice brought him the respect and the best that was in the fellows. This was his third year on the team.

KOSHOWSKY, Manager. He played a fine game at left half; a big man with the punch that counts, his greatest asset being, his giving interference. Had lots of spirit, iron nerve, a wide knowledge of the game and a never-failing abil-

ity to nail fumbles. This was his third year on the team.

GOLDBERG. Played a consistent game at right half throughout the season. He always responded when called upon, and was one of the best ground gainers. With a somewhat uncanny way of keeping out of injuries, Goldberg has played in every game, and was there with all the goods. A man whom it will be hard to replace.

SMITH. A big man who held down fullback position in great style. He was a man who always made good in pinches; especially in the Allentown game did he play a remarkable line-plunging game; always good for his five yards. He was good to look upon when carrying the ball. This was his second year on the team. A man who feared nothing.

MALLOY. Who played right end, is the verification of the old adage, "good things come in little packages." Although the lightest man on the team, and sometimes outweighed by sixty pounds, he had a marvelous combination of spunk, nerve and grit. A sure tackler and great on breaking up interference. Malloy cannot be given too much credit. This was his second year on the team.

LIEBERMAN was our mainstay at center. This was his first year's berth. Texas played a flawless game. Though not as fast in scrimmage as desirable, he, however, played a game full of pep and spirit, always looking for trouble,

and lingering long in the memory of his adversary.

TOOR, End. Was green at his position but played a fairly consistent game throughout the season. A fast man, who followed the ball well.

SZOLD. Captain-elect of the 1917 team. Played tackle. His previous experience made him one of our best linesman. Rugged and full of spirit, he showed up creditably during the season. We extend to him our highest wishes for a successful team next year.

ROVINSKY, Tackle, unfortunately was unable to show his true worth, due to an injury in the first game. We are, without doubt, right in saying that he was a great loss to the team.

McCOOLE, Tackle, who says little, but shows plenty of action; this

won him a berth on the Varsity.

FISHMAN, Guard. A fast and sure tackler, and a great man to open holes. However, we expect a big improvement in him next year.

MAYER, Guard. Plenty of "pep" and spirit, but was too light to bring him to the front.

We predict much from Mayer next year.

KASSELMAN. A good man at center but lacking in experience.

RADLER. Contributed his share by making the Varsity hustle, as quarterback, for the scrubs.

LEVITCH, End. Played a heady game, but his tendency to fumble was his only drawback. This year's experience will tell on him for next year.

ORLOFF, Guard. Promises to be a good man next year.

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## ANNOUNCEMENT TO OUR CONTEMPORARIES

We beg to announce to all our exchanges that **The Gleaner** has resumed its work again, and trust that our contemporaries will continue to exchange with us.

We have received many exchanges during the winter and were glad to hear from them. We will mail our publication to them as soon as it will be issued.

## ALUMNI NOTES

The New York branch of our alumni recently organized to bring together those of our graduates in and about New York city. In its branch are: Wolf, '14; Semell, Ullman, Lechner, '15; Hancherow, Moreinis, Citron, Magram, Billig, Feldman, Dorfman and Ellner, '16. They have rented a clubroom and are considering playing N. F. S. football on fall big days. This would be an innovation of our former stars.

'01. Harry Rich has again been put in charge of the interests of the American Sumatra Company for Connecticut. His address now is Westogue, Conn.

'03. Myer Goldman is taking a special course in the Agricultural College of Cornell University.

'04. J. Tabenhouse has been made professor of plant pathology of the University of Texas.

'06. Charles Horn is planning his next season as assistant superintendent of Philadelphia Vacant Lot Society.

'07. Max Fleisher, head of the Stock Department of the New Jersey Training School, at Vineland, N. J., has been contributing poultry articles to the Country Gentleman.

'07. Victor Anderson, who is operating his own farm at Saratoga, Pa., is active in organizing a farm loan association in his locality, to come under the new Rural Credit Act.

'07. Myer Green, from 210 Stratford street, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "I was quite intimate with

Mr. Ostrolenk and had a number of opportunities to appreciate his ability and earnestness. I congratulate Farm School on having secured him as Director, and wish him and the school success." We cannot tell from Green's letter what he is doing, but persistent rumor has it that he is a successful engineer.

'07. Abe Miller has now organized and is himself president of the American Bulb Company, of Chicago. He and Mr. Ostrolenk, '06, recently had a brief reunion in Chicago.

'07. Ben Chodos is practicing veterinary medicine at Gap, Pa.

'09. Samuel Friedman has recently accepted a position with the Business Record, a publication devoted to industry, commerce, agriculture and finance. Mr. Friedman thinks that he can make good. So do we.

'09. Max J. Colton continues to send us most interesting bulletins which he publishes as health officer of the city of Cumberland, Md. Colton writes with equal facility on health for babies as how to inspect cow barns.

'09. Harry Schulman, alias "Happy" to his classmates, was a visitor at the Farm School January 13. He addressed the Literary Society and proved that his nickname was well deserved. He is in the employ of the Union Railroad Company. His address is 2617 Armand place, St. Louis, Mo.

'11. S. S. Rochlin won second prize in the Maryland State Dairy

Contest, as a result of his knowledge of cow feeding. He is now in charge of a farm near Fayetteville, Ark.

'11. Jacob Finkel visited and addressed the student body during December. He was returning from Colombia, South America, where he was in charge of a creamery. Finkel gave it as his belief that the future of American agriculture is based on the dairy cow, and was enthusiastically advocating that our boys enter the dairy business to a larger extent.

'13. Julius Levinson is planning to enter the Michigan Agricultural College.

'15. Ross, Nussbaum and Klein are at present at the Ohio State Agricultural College. They have all passed their exams with flying

colors.

'16. Little "Mike" Selector writes, in part, from Pennsylvania State: "While the studies here are real hard, still, the Farm School training gives one the edge on the other boys in agriculture."

'16. Billig, '16, and Ulman, '15, are joint owners in a dairy herd on Long Island.

'16. Shapiro is in charge of a herd of 60 fine-bred imported Guernseys, only seven miles from Farm School, and writes, "Cows for mine."

'16. Louis Kaskin, Marstien, Chester Co., Pa., writes: "I am in charge of a herd of 93 cows and have 3-4 men working under me. My employer urges me to marry and settle down."

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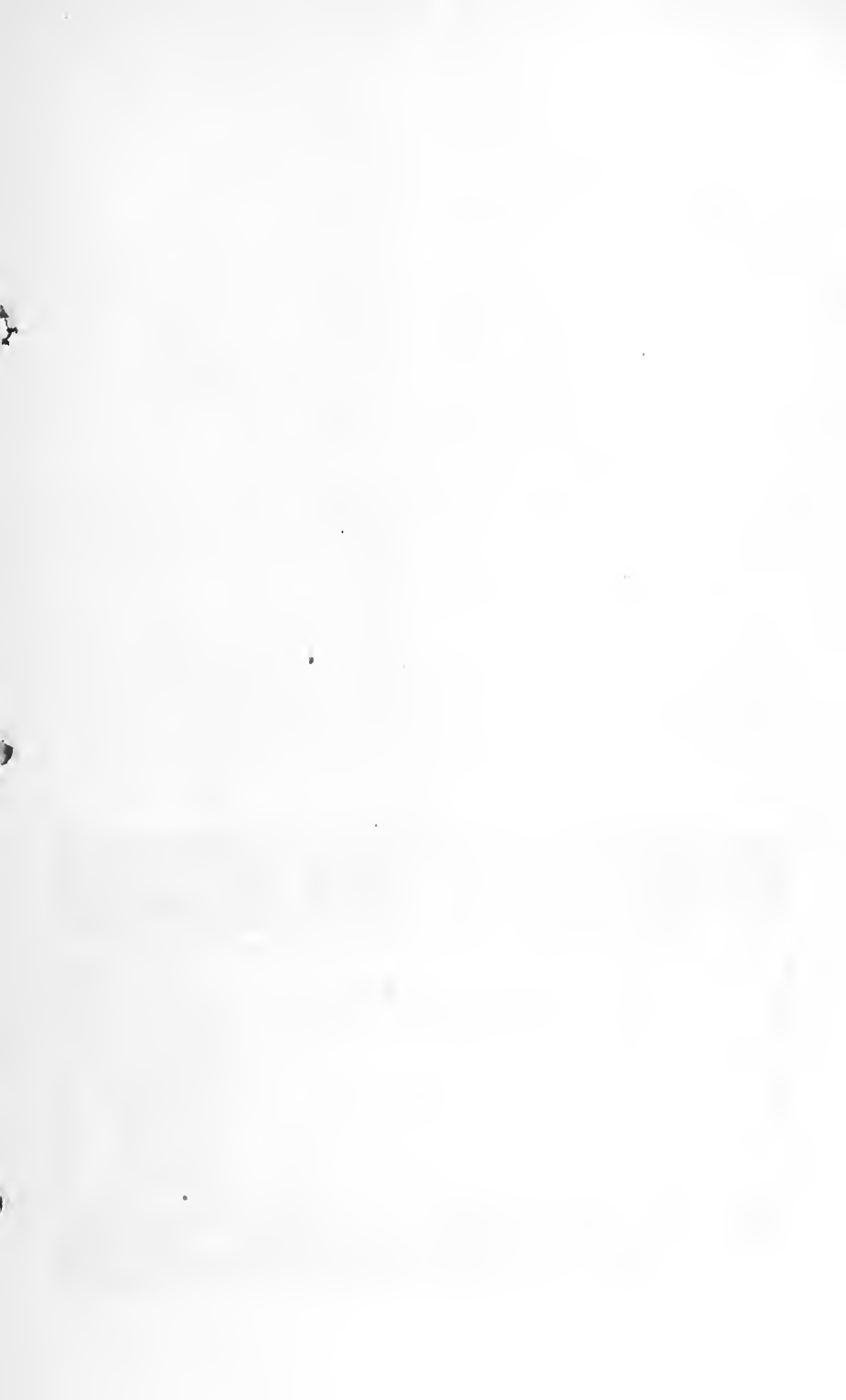
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